

116 FABLES in VERSE.

*Was it for this thou w'er't prefer'd?
The cook is little now rever'd.
I've heard thee call'd, I've seen thee shun,
When 'twas high time the meat was done:
Haste to thy duty, Trudge, said I;—
E'en go yourself, was the reply.*

—That answer you deserv'd, I gave,
' I'm Turnspit yet, but not your slave.
' If pref'ence be to merit due,
' Who knows? I've parts as well as you.'

—*My vassal once, too mean for friend;
To rival me dost thou pretend?*

—' I may for somewhat more declare;
' Can wind the Partridge, start the Hare.'
' (Your Poachers surest take the game)

' And now a dog of title am,
' As well you. Pray mark me, Sir.'

—*No (Rover growl'd) thou'rt but a Cur.*

The MORAL. Addressed to a Prime Minister.

*Would you the weight of public cares divide,
Let those be trusted who have long been try'd;
Ungrateful upstarts prove their patrons foes,
And rivals to the Power by which they rose.*

The

FABLES in



The JUG

A Juggler long thro'
Had rais'd his fo
You'd think (so far his
The devil at his fingers

*Vice heard his fame,
Convinc'd of his inferior*